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The action and plot of these after-plays is generally of a poor order, for it is the coarse wit and the nastiness of the dialogues which are more peculiarly obtruding themselves to the listeners, and which depict faithfully the low degree of education among these rustics.

Alb. S. Gatschet.

QUERIES. — What is "setting a Job's Patience," a form of patchwork or embroidery often referred to in old books?

What were "bonnet-papers," advertised so freely in New York and New England newspapers from the year 1750 until this century?

What were "shorrevals"? An advertisement of a tailor in a Springfield newspaper in 1825 reads thus,—

Shorrevals and overalls
And Pantaloons he'll make,
Cutting, too, he'll always do,
And will no cabbage take.

Alice Morse Earle.

'BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AUNT DEBORAH GOES VISITING: A SKETCH FROM VIRGINIAN LIFE. — Mine hostess, a Virginia beauty, sat in her pretty boudoir, and with the sundry little implements comprised in a manicure set before her, was seeking to disprove the wasteful and ridiculous excess of painting the lily, by adding to her fair finger-tips a yet greater loveliness than nature had bestowed upon them, while I was engaged in the prosaic task of mending a pair of gloves, to cover my less beautiful hands. Thus employed as to our fingers, our busy tongues prattled away the summer's morning, recalling the happy school-life days spent together, and the various scenes and experiences passed through since our last meeting, when our chatter was interrupted by the sound of shuffling feet in the hall, followed by the appearance of Aunt Deborah in the open doorway. Aunt Deborah was Dorothy's old colored mammy, who, according to the custom of colored mammies in general, was in the habit of making occasional visits to "we all's white folks," as she called the family of her "ole Marster." She made an odd picture as she stood curtsyng in her quaint way. As much of the "kink" as possible had been smoothed out of her gray hair, which was drawn back and bound in a bandanna kerchief. Her calico "frock" was covered with the voluminous white apron, without which no colored mammy's toilet is complete, while about her shoulders she wore, in spite of the warm day, an old shawl which, for all its dinginess, was of "true cashmere," — the old woman's special pride as a gift from "ole mistis, fo' de war." Upon her arm hung the large basket which she always brought with her, and though it was invariably empty when she came, and full when she "toted" it away, you could not have wounded Aunt Deborah more deeply than by an insinuation that she brought that basket for a purpose, or that her visit was prompted by any motive less disinterested than a desire to see her "chile," as she still proudly called her erst-while nursling. "Good-morning, mammy," said Dorothy; "how are you this morning?" "I's toler'ble, thankee, honey, scusin' I mon'sous tired. Dis is meh gre't financial

day, dis is, an' I so tired I mos' dade. How 's y' all? You ain' married yit, is you? Wha' dat? Ain' gwine git married 't all? You sut'n'y ain' gwine be no ole maid, is you? Hi! wha' dat? Ole maid mehse'f? Bless dat sweet mouf, what you talkin' 'bout, honey? To be sho I ain' married, dat so, but don' I have onvitations to git married mos' any time? I done 'gaged now, me an' Julius Cæsar done 'gaged. When we all gwine git married, you say? Nuver, ain' nuver gwine git married, honey, but den you don' call folks ole maids so long as dey 'gaged, does you? Dat so, honey, hit do seem kind o' cu'yus till you heahs it splained. Well, you see, dis wuz de way uv it. When Julius Cæsar was pesterin' me wid his 'tentions, I up an' tole him dat I could n' git meh corsent to marry uv him, 'cause he healf wuz so oncement dat I jes' knowed dat de nex' thing I'd be wuckin' fur 'm; but I likewise tole him dat do' he healf onqualify him to git married, it did n' onqualify him to be 'gaged. I don' call him Julius Cæsar to he face do'; I calls him Mr. Smif, an' he call me Miss Deb'rah jes' as proper as de quality. Ole Marster brung me up, an' I got white folks' princ'ples, ef meh face is black. I men's Julius Cæsar close fur 'm, an' mos' ev'y Sunday ev'nin' I puts on meh bes' fum de bottom o' meh chis', an' 'me 'n' him goes to de fun'ral preachin's togurr. When he took down wid de mis'ry in he back, an' de stiffness in he j'int, I gives him he karosine ile, an' makes him he jimsun-weed tea. We gits 'long togurr heap mo' cummilikier 'n ef we wuz married. I ain' b'lieve in niggers gittin' marry, nohow, I ain'. De Lord married Adam an' Eve in de gyarden, but ef he uver marry no niggers, or giv 'em a foot o' cultivated lan', 'tain' in de Bible. Jes' look dar at Sis' Marthy Jones. She wuz fyahly 'stracted bout gittin' married, an' now she say ef it please de Lord to lease her fum det pestif'rous good-fur-nothin' nigger, an' make her a widder, de mos' scrumptious cullud gent'man dat walk could n' 'duce her to change de name o' Marthy Jones or Marthy Johnson — ah one you chose to call her agin. Dat George Washin'ton wuz 'sponsible fur she havin' two names. When Brer Isaac Johnson an' Sis' Marthy wuz keepin' comp'ny, she say 'deed she ain' gwine marry nothin' called by no sech common name as Johnson, 'cause ev'y urr nigger in de county answered to dat name; but ef he change he name to Jones, den dey two 'd lock arms an' git married. Isaac say, Umph — umph, he wuz willin', he like de name o' Jones mons'ous much fur a change; but dat cantank'rous George Washin'ton Johnson, Isaac fust wife son, whor dade, he put on mo' ars an' 'nouf, he say he cyarn' change he name d'out Legislatur say so. Dat huccome some folks calls 'em Jones an' some folks calls 'em Johnson to dis day. When Sis' Marthy an' Brer Isaac wuz married dar wuz a weddin' on de ole plantation, sho 's you bawn. Ole Mistis gin Marthy a satin dress to git married in, whar wuz her secon'-day dress when she an' ole Marster got married; an' when de bride stan' up befo' de preacher she wuz mos' as flustered an' shame-face as ef she wuz white. Brer 'Lijah, he jined 'em. De minute he say, 'Salute de bride,' dey made fur de supper. Dem wuz days, honey; niggers don' have no sech weddin' suppers as dat dese days. Dey wuz perusin' de woods mos' a week fo' de weddin', gittin' ready fur dat supper. Dey had 'possum, an' dey had 'coon, an' dey had hyah, an' dey

had cabbage, an' dey had mos' ev'y kine o' good vittles dat grow, but after supper dey had de mos' ongawdlies' proceedin's uver I see. Brer Lijah had to baptize all de chu'ch members over agin de nex' Sunday, 'cause he 'low dat de darnsin' an' de crossin' o' de feet, an' goin's on at dat weddin' wuz 'nough to onjine de mos' piouses. Maybe de Ole Boy an' he wife wuz n' 'vited, an maybe dey wuz n' 'spected, but you need n' tell me dey wuz n' dar. Did n' Brer 'Lijah hese'f own up to seein' sumpin' nurr mon-s'ous de favor o' de devil behin' de do? An' de whole place wuz lit up wid Jack o'lantuns dat night, an' sho 's you bawn, when de Jack o'lantuns is bobb' in' 'roun' de Ole Boy ain' fur off. I tells you, honey, I ain' b'lieve in marr'in' fur niggers, an' fur po' white trash an' jump ups nuther. I b'lieves in it fur de quality do; but, chile, ef you wants to git a man wuth havin', you better stop shinin' up dem finger-nails tell dey does fur lookin'-glasses to see yo' purty face in an' learn how to sew, like Miss Ma'y dar. You cyarn' he'p bein' purty, cause yo' ma wuz purty befo' you, an' de apple don' roll fur fum de tree', but de gent'man whar don' know dat beauty ar but skin deep ain' wuth lookin' at. When dey comes aroun' you, callin' you sugar, an' 'lasses, an' darlin', you jes' tell 'em g' long wid dey projeckin'; but when dey ax you kin you *sew*, den you hole yo' breaf, honey, 'cause sho 's you bawn dars sumpin' comin'."

As Aunt Deborah talked, her eyes were fixed covetously upon an old pair of spectacles which lay upon the table. "Would you like to have those spectacles, mammy?" said Dorothy. "Thankee, honey, dey 's jes' what yo' mammy want; now I specs I kin read meh Bible." We handed her an open Bible, and the delighted old woman, with the book upside down, mumbled over and over again, "In meh father's house dar 's many mansions." Then, when encouraged to read more, she began to move up and down, swaying from side to side, shouting fashion, her beaming black face bent over the book, and half said, half chanted, "I thank de Lord, he took meh feet out 'n de miry clay, long wid Mary, Shadrach, an' 'Bednego." She evidently thought that she was reading, and 't would have been folly indeed to enlighten such blissful ignorance.

Mary Mann - Page Newton.

RICHMOND, VA.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BOOKS.

THE SABBATH IN PURITAN NEW ENGLAND. By ALICE MORSE EARLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891. Pp. vii., 335.

That definition of "folk-lore" which restricts the use of the word to the survival of prehistoric practices and beliefs is deficient, in that it leaves out of account the considerable mass of custom and opinion which is emphatically folk-lore, but by no means of archaic origin or character. Modern manners and customs, such as those of the table and of society, ways of feeling, tastes and sentiments, habits of dress, and behavior, come under this head,—in short, all that body of traditional usage which a proper